The pen is Mightier than the Sword

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The pen is Mightier than the Sword

By deathpulse0

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Chapter 1

The pen is Mightier than the Sword chpt 0

The pen is Mightier than the Sword

Hope someone likes it- Chapter 0 (Explanation)

Unfortunately most of my days follow the same pattern. First, I wake up (although I'd rather just remain asleep). Second, I prepare to go to school. Then, I go to high school. Of course, on the way to school I try to go back home about twenty times, but somehow always find myself at school on time.

You're probably thinking something like "just deal with it, everyone else has to deal with high school and there's bound to be someone in a worse position than you". Well then, maybe you should try going to

high school in Hell being the only person who can't use Hell's magic. The only magic I can use is the telepathy that allows demons to communicate with one another as well as use telepathic storage. As you know, none of the inhabitants of Hell know how to read or write; instead they store their thoughts into various objects. I suppose this system resembles the computers humans use, but it is much more effective.

Maybe I should rename this story Common Sense for demons, because all I seem to be doing is telling other demons how hell works, but I might as well finish what I started. The demons of hell come in different forms; there are humanoids, or demons that resemble humans such as myself, the devil, fallen angels, vampires, werewolves. There are regular demons that look quasi-human, these include beings that are part shark part human, and monsters that seem to be humans with horns. There are apocalyptic demons, these are the scariest in both appearance and power, and these usually resemble shadows and seem to take on the form of your worst nightmares. Finally there is the weakest group of demons, talking animals. But although demons have

different forms the form simply controls the capacity each being has toward magic, the magic itself is the same for everyone in Hell.

Of course the devil has to find a way to torture even the inhabitants of Hell, and school doesn't seem to be enough. So, he added to our misery by creating the lottery system. No parents can raise their own children, all newborn children are sent to a random family and raised by that family, and they are treated as part of that family. Of course, as usual the parents I received were talking monkeys. As a result, I am among the lowest ranking members of hell and besides knowing I'm humanoid, I know absolutely nothing about what type of monster or being I am.

----If you like it comment and I'll continue writing the story, if not tell me so that I can go with a different idea. -----

Chapter 2

The pen is Mightier than the Sword Chpt 1 (Theres a chapter 0 though)

Chapter 1- High School

Ah, high school. Classic or maybe just cliché. The bullies, honors students, popular students, and unpopular students. As usual I walked slowly towards the giant gateway that led to the school. There is no school building though. The learning actually takes place in a fenced off barren field with tables, chairs, and teachers placed here and there. The only building was the principal's office. Apparently the school's principal wanted to save money, strange considering the giant gateway was hand carved, extremely large, and made of pure gold. I suppose the principal had always been a strange

man though. He always wore the same dark clothes, his hair was a mess, and he was extremely tall and thin. What made him strange though was his extremely white skin, the fact that he had a permanent look of boredom on his face, and always juggled three juggling balls using only his right hand regardless of what else he was doing (Well I hope he stopped juggling occasionally, but I guess I shouldn't think about it too much). Luckily, he almost never came out of his office, and when he did he never approached the teachers or gave anyone instructions of any sort. (I wonder if he carved the gate himself while juggling)

This school was the cheapest high school in Hell, since it was the only school without a building of some sort, and the students were from the lowest ranking families. But because of the lottery system, the magical level of students within different schools was equal regardless of family ranking. Our campus was so under-populated that the devil began forcing children from higher ranked families to attend. Nevertheless, our school was so small that there was

only 1 class for each grade, each class had around 30 students.

Since telepathy and stored telepathy were basic knowledge and everyone knew how to speak there was no need to review these subjects within high school. Instead, we practiced higher level magics with teachers, practiced fighting using multiple weapons (designed for our own type of demon of course), practiced fighting, and had weekly fighting tournaments.

Other schools that actually had campuses had a variety of other classes. They even taught normal classes like home economics and art. Unfortunately, I wasn't attending a normal school. In fact, I didn't know the reason why the school bothered with desks and chairs, the only reason we might need them is for lunchtime, and no one seemed to use the desks during lunch anyway.

When I reached school, I heard my best (only) friend say "Hi Oliver, you seem to be early as usual."

"Not out of my own free will", I responded grimly. My best friend was a gnome named Charlie, not a very

good friend in the long run. The first day of school he followed me around thinking that I would be ridiculously powerful like other humanoids. By the time he found out I had no real power, following me around had become a habit, and I couldn't exactly tell him to leave since even he was stronger than me.

"I see you're in a good mood today." Charlie answered, not really paying attention to me. Then again maybe he actually thought that I was in a good mood, I wouldn't put it past him.

He joined me and we walked towards the area where our first class would be held. First period was weapons class. Can you think of one thing worse than having to deal with a weapons class in which you have to spar against monsters with magic when you don't have any magic yourself? I can. Try fighting against an armed monster that can also use magic when all you have is a sword, no knowledge of how to use a sword, a talking pig as your weapons teacher, and the girl of your dreams watching the fight.

Who's the girl in question you ask? The answer is Cezanna Baltimore. One of the few high ranked

demons forced to attend our school. No one else was interested in her, but of course that doesn't mean she'll have any interest in me, so I do the natural thing and make sure that when I fight someone during training, I fight the strongest person in our class, so that it isn't too embarrassing when I lose. Cezanna is a fallen angel and one of the top in our class, she was lucky and placed with other fallen angels as her parents. But although she is beautiful and an angel, the reason I fell in love with her was because she was the kindest person I had met in my life. The strongest person in our class was a vampire named Trey, strange considering vampires were usually weaker than fallen angels. He was a relatively kind person himself, but his power attracted negative attention and he somehow became the leader of the bullies in our class (well the only person that seemed to get bullied was me). Trey was about as tall as me and while I had black hair and red eyes and seemed to be the most intimidating person in our school, Trey had light brown hair and seemed rather ordinary.

My day continued as usual, I fought against Trey in both magic and weapons classes, lost humiliatingly, was laughed at, and continued to avoid Cezanna. I was perpetually aggravated by Charlie who refused to give me a second of peace (he wouldn't be so bad if he calmed down a bit). I returned to getting beaten up by Trey, who didn't really seem to enjoy beating me up and had started going easy on me around the second day of school. I ate lunch next to Charlie, who hid himself in the dirt (gnomes seem to enjoy dirt) and watched as Ken, the second in command of Trey's army of goons bullied me. Ken was a gigantic half-shark half-human monster who hated everything related to me and bullied me daily (It's beyond me how he managed to remain second in command of the classes goons when he spent all his lunch bullying me and Trey didn't hang out with any of his goons after school). Finally, I returned to class, got beaten by Trey for the rest of the day, and returned home, where I prepared myself for the next day of school.

-Tell me if I should continue story, sorry for any errors didn't proofread chapter 0, not sure of how

well I proofread this one. I'm better at thinking of stories than writing them- written by deathpulse0

Chapter 3

The pen is Mightier than the Sword Chpt 2

Chapter 2 (Short Chapter)

Well, I'm sick of talking about how horrible my life is, so let's just say that this cycle continued for the first year of high school, and I managed to find excuses during the weekly tournaments, so they aren't an issue.

During my second year of high school things changed. One day during the middle of weapons class, the principal came out of his office and approached our class. He looked extremely annoyed. I remember thinking that if there was going to be bloodshed (probably my blood). The principal began

yelling at our class and teacher, saying that we were being loud and had the nerve to ask us why we were always outside and never studied in the school building (all while juggling).

If you hadn't realized this, everything that can go wrong will go wrong. It appears that the "principal" was actually a janitor and that the school actually did have a building. But somehow, none of the teachers or students had known anything about it. The school building was actually underground.

The next day, the janitor took us to the actual school building and everyone finally learned what the school's campus looked like (How could teachers not have known this?). Apparently there was a slab on the floor next to the janitor's office that opened into a staircase leading to the school. The staircase led to a narrow pathway that was lit by candles and the pathway was made completely of black marble. The pathway opened into a circular room that was completely scarlet and had five other pathways connected to it. One of these alternate pathways was completely white and led to the real principal's office.

Another was green and led to an underground garden full of carnivorous plants (It seems the plants were attracted to Charlie, maybe there was a use for him after all). Two of the pathways led to more circular rooms and both of these rooms led to 5 gigantic classrooms. One of these paths was blue and the second was purple. The final pathway was brown and led to a closed gate.

Upon arriving to the scarlet corridor, we made our way to the principal's office to thoroughly question the real principal on what was going on. The real principal turned out to be an extremely scary apocalyptic demon, the second we laid eyes on him we decided to leave him alone and return to class in actual classrooms. Even the teachers seemed to cower in fear of the real principal. (Suddenly I wished the janitor really was the principal)

Chapter 4

The pen is Mightier than the Sword Chapter 3

Chapter 3

Finally we had classrooms. What is so great about classrooms? The answer is simple; they make it more difficult to bully others. Finally I had some form of defense against Ken. Most of us were still too scared to look around the school, so we just stayed in the classroom. Ken had almost no way to get to me now.

Our classroom was one of the classes past the blue circular room. The class itself was large and in the shape of a square with a large spiral pillar in the middle of the room. The classroom itself was

surrounded in blue marble like the blue circular room that led to it.

While I was looking around the classroom, I found that I had wandered to the side of the room and the only person near me was Cezanna. I tried to make my way back to the other side of the room before she noticed me, but before I could, she tossed a rock gently towards me. The rock had been used for telepathic storage. The moment I touched it, I heard Cezanna's voice in my mind. The message was: Meet me after class and let's explore the campus. I nodded towards her and rushed to the other side of the room before she could notice the smile on my face. I immediately placed the rock in my pocket.

When lunch came around I was still in disbelief. I was still thinking of whether or not I should pinch myself to find out if I was in the middle of a dream, when Ken appeared. When I said the classroom environment made it difficult for Ken to bully me, I meant it. Unfortunately Ken didn't seem to care about who was around. It's amazing that no one seemed to notice though. Ken slammed me against a

wall and prepared to punch me in the stomach, but I turned sideways trying to protect the rock even though it not in danger to begin with. Ken noticed that I turned and immediately thought I was hiding something, so he forced me to empty my pockets. I would have rather died than had the rock fall into Ken's hands so I quickly dropped it on the ground and told Ken I didn't have anything in my pockets.

Even if I had something valuable in my pocket and had given it to him he would have hit me, so I didn't think it would make a difference whether or not I told Ken the truth. But, Ken somehow noticed the rock next to my leg and picked it up. He was probably planning on reinforcing his punches by using the rock, but the second he picked the rock up his face contorted into a malicious grin.

"Hey Oliver, you know I've always like Cezanna," Ken said. A look of extreme horror flashed across my face, but Ken somehow noticed it. "Oh, poor Oliver, does that look mean that you like her too? I feel sorry for you man, I mean you already know I'll win her over way before you do. Come to think of it even if I

wasn't after her you'd probably never win her over." He continued. Then, he destroyed the rock started laughing and walked away. I continued to stare at him throughout class next period, wondering what exactly he was planning to do.

After Class I ran away as quickly as possible before anyone could notice me. I somehow ended up in the second purple circular room. I ran to the center of the room and just started crying, while thinking of everything that had gone wrong and everything that probably could. I was thinking of what I'd do to Ken if I ever got any type of power. Then, I heard footsteps and stopped abruptly. I managed to clear my face of any signs of tears and turned to see Cezanna.

"There you are Oliver, I was looking for you," she said, in the sweetest voice I had ever heard in my life.

"Hi Cezanna," I responded weakly.

"Hurry up, let's explore the school," She answered, while grabbing my hand and dragging me towards the classrooms near the purple circular room. We continued to look around the school until we reached

the brown pathway. I didn't really notice much more on this expedition than I did when the janitor showed us around the school (probably because I was staring at Cezanna half the time). We were about to try opening the gateway in the brown room when Ken appeared behind us.

"What are you doing with Oliver when you can explore with me Cezanna," Ken said, "Haven't you noticed how useless he is? Just watch and let me open your eyes. "Ken ran forward and tried to smash me against the fence, but Cezanna intervened. She opened her wings, spread magic into her arms and legs and punched Ken upward with so much force that he hit the ceiling and was deflected downward. At that moment I felt incredibly embarrassed and left before Cezanna could say anything else. I had been struggling against Ken for years to no avail, but in a moment Cezanna defeated him. I was ashamed the girl of my dreams was the one defending me, while I stood there uselessly watching. I knew that if she ever needed my help I couldn't help her and decided to run away from my horrible existence. I went home

packed my belongings and left, although I knew I would eventually have to return.

Chapter 5

The pen is Mightier than the Sword Chapter 4

Chapter 4

I ran into downtown Nae (The city I live in within Hell) and looked for somewhere I could stay for a few days. I vaguely remembered that there were three different hotels in downtown, but I didn't have enough money to stay at either one of these resorts. I had no idea what to do or where to go, so I made my way to the central plaza. The central plaza was actually a large park, and at the center of this plaza stood a fountain of blood. As you could no doubt imagine, it was a popular hangout for vampires.

There was a crowd gathering near the fountain and since I had nothing better to do, I made my way to the end of the crowd and tried to figure out what was attracting so much attention. Apparently, there was a circus advertising in the central plaza, and one of the performers, a vampire, was amusing passersby with magic tricks. Although I didn't understand what was so great about watching magic being used in a place where everyone could use magic, I watched in order to alleviate my sadness. But unfortunately, all it managed to do was make me nervous.

As I watched the show I kept imagining myself in a cage, being watched by hundreds of demons. There were mobs gathered around my cage, trying to get closer to the freak of nature that couldn't even use the weakest forms of magic. Soon, I couldn't stand my own frustration and tried to escape from the middle of the crowd. Most of the demons in my way moved aside, assuming I was a powerful humanoid demon, but the vampire performing magic tricks wouldn't let me get away that easily. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "It seems that one kind patron would like to disappear, so let us help him." At his command, the

crowd pushed against me and I soon found myself standing next to the magician.

"Abra Kadabra," yelled the magician. To my horror, I found myself buried in a coffin with a rotting skeleton on top of me.

Chapter 6

The pen is Mightier than the Sword Chapter 5

Well I was pretty freaked out, in fact, I felt like just falling asleep right then and there and ending it, I mean at least I wouldn't have to pay for funeral costs and Ken would have a hard time finding and bothering my ghost. But of course this is my life we're talking about, not the life of a normal demon and things just had to get worse. Suddenly, a voice from directly under me said "Has anyone told you that you smell like death?"

"I think that's the skeleton," I responded weakly.

"I meant death in a spiritual sense" The voice returned in a very serious tone.

"Spiritual death has a scent?" I asked. Of course the second he said that I was thinking great, now I'm not just sharing a coffin with a skeleton, but with a crazy guy too.

"Of course it does." The demented lunatic answered in a way that made it seem as though he found it upsetting that I thought otherwise.

"Umm how did you get in here exactly sir?" I asked weakly.

"Through the ribcage," He answered as though he was talking to a complete idiot.

"What ribcage and can we use it to get out?" I asked hopefully.

"The ribcage you're crushing with your enormous head, although I don't understand why it's so big when you don't seem to know anything and no we can't use it to get out ribcages only go one way." The voice responded rather annoyed by my apparent lack of knowledge. Of course, he was right; apparently the skeleton's ribcage was directly on top of my head.

"Well is there any way we can get out and if there is can you stop wasting my time and tell me?" I asked annoyed by the voices attitude.

"Me distracting you? Aren't you the one that showed up and interrupted my ceremony?" The stranger said in reply. Regardless of how long the conversation dragged on I still couldn't figure out where the voice was coming from or where the speaker could possibly be in a tomb.

"What ceremony?" I asked curiously.

"The ceremony in which I rip the soul of the deceased out of his or her body and let it fly loose into the open." The stranger said dreamily.

"Does that make you the angel of death?" I asked suddenly scared of the stranger.

"Yes, and perhaps there's hope for you yet," The angel of death responded sarcastically.

"Actually I've always wondered, what's the point of ripping the souls out of dead bodies?" I asked out of pure curiosity. Of course, I immediately regretted it and asked myself why the Hell I would ask the angel

of death such a stupid question in the middle of his ceremony when I was stuck in the middle of a crypt and was quickly running out of air. Of course no immediate answer came to mind.

The angel took a moment before responding and made a noise that sounded as though he was clearing his voice then said in a very low voice, "Dramatic effect."

That answer left me speechless for all of five minutes and suddenly I remembered the situation I was in.

"Is there a way out of here," I asked impatiently.

"Well I'm actually stuck here right now thanks to you, I was running low on magical power today, but had to keep the ceremonies going anyway. Would have made it too if you hadn't shown up and distracted me." The angel responded without the slightest hint of emotion in his voice.

"Does that mean that I'm going to die here?" I asked rather displeased with the strange turn of events. By then I had decided that I really didn't like the angel of death.

"Well I suppose I could borrow your magical energy to get us out of here," He answered in a rather uncertain way as if making it clear that he was hoping he wouldn't have to rely on me in any way shape or form.

Great I thought. My lack of magical ability comes back to haunt me yet again.

"I know what you're thinking and you're wrong," The angel said vaguely.

"What do you mean?" I asked. .

"I mean you're wrong, you do have magical powers, your powers are simply sealed." The angel answered in a way that made it seem as though he knew exactly what he was talking about.

"What do you mean by sealed" I asked rather confused.

"Sealed as in you can't use them." The angel answered become rather annoyed again.

"I don't have any magical powers, have never had them, and will never have them." I retorted fed up with his attitude.

"You have them" He responded.

"Wait a second, how did you know what I was thinking?" I asked astonished at the recollection.

"Because I'm here." The angel answered returning to his very low voice.

"Where?" I asked. At this point I was extremely anxious of where the angel was during this entire conversation. I had finally gotten used to my surroundings and decided to look for the angel. I turned my head and noticed that I had mysteriously sprouted a second head.

"I'm your second head," The angel said in a tone that made it clear that he thought it was the most obvious thing in the world.

"I thought you said you ran out of magic, isn't this magic" I yelled at my second hand.

"Why do you think I was interrupted and ran out of magic, it's not like I could let you suddenly appear and squash me now could I," He yelled back suddenly remembering he should be angry with me.

"OK, let's just get this over with," I said with exaggerated calmness, "How do we use my nonexistent magical powers."

"That's easy," The head responded happily, "Extreme pain."

"What type of pain?" I asked dreading the answer.

"The type you would feel if you lost a head." The angel responded.

"Fine I'll cut you off then," I responded annoyed by the angel's jokes.

"That is probably the best approach," The angel said seriously. Of course I was joking, but apparently extreme pain really was the only way of unsealing my magic and the angel assured me that I would recover from the pain quickly and said that it would actually be unnecessary to take my magic, because he could use the leftover blood to transport us

outside of the tomb. So I grabbed the ribcage that had been crushing my head and used it to saw off my extra head and as soon as I finished I found myself back home. The blood was gone and I didn't feel any more magical then before, but I soon found out the angel had been lying about at least one thing. The pain did not go away quickly.

Chapter 7

Chapter 6

Author's note --back on Wattpad and just realized how popular this was, so I felt obligated tocontinue it. I'm now using an account linked to my fb instead and just startedsomething completely different, so if you like my stuff I'll leave a link inthe comments It's been 8 years though so my writing is very different.--Author's note

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The next day I woke up to find a note on my nightstand next to a strange leather tome. The letter seemed like a pain and the tome was cooler so I

obviously grabbed that first. I flipped through it, but it was empty except for a drawing of a porcupine wearing a suit of armor on the second to last page (Well..... I think that's what it was..... Now that I think of it might have been one of those practice sketches people do of fruit bowls.... Anyway it was a pretty terrible picture.). I put my hand on it hoping for something to happen and was rewarded with a telepathic message from the self-proclaimed angel of death.

"Hey kid, I forgot to give you the painkillers. My wife said I should do something to thank you though since I might have been trapped for a few hundred years again if you hadn't shown up. I told her it was your fault to begin with, but she didn't believe me. Anyway, I left you a little something; special magic you can use even without unsealing yourself!!!!! I should warn you; it's absolutely terrifying magic, even I might have trouble against someone that has something like that. BTW you should be ashamed you opened the tome first..... expecting something?!?! Kids these days and their short attention spans....." He continued for a few minutes before I used a

candle to burn the tome in exasperation (Did he pull an all-nighter leaving that ridiculous message just to annoy me?!?! Where did he find so much time in a single night!!!!). I had to admit though, I was really excited. I couldn't wait to see what Ken thought about magic that even the angel of death found horrifying.

I turned my attention to the envelope on my desk and opened it to find the most shocking site I had seen in my life. It was another drawing; this time it was of myself with two heads posing in a speedo..... My mind went completely blank for a moment and I simply didn't know how to react..... Am I really supposed to touch that thing to get the message or spell..... How did the art quality improve so much out of nowhere..... It was so well drawn, I had no choice but to call it good, but doing so just felt so... so wrong. I eventually got over it and touched the drawing's second head. I was rewarded with a voice "Here's the spell, I can't talk much because the drawing can only hold so much information. BTW the last picture was actually a unicycle riding a bear..... I know it wasn't that good, but I've improved see?!?!" Then his voice

faded away and information slowly entered my brain.

-LEGENDARY GOD CLASS SUPER MAGIC - original spell name: Igrit Infernus Opulum Refus.

Bonus effect- spell can be used regardless of caster's current magical power supply

Description- Magic created by the vilest being ever to walk Hell. It is a spell that would make even the Devil shiver and gods run away in fear!!!!

Warning Note- this magic does not discriminate between friend or foe and should be used only in the most serious of situations. If the spell fails in destroying its target, the target will likely enter an enraged state.

Requirements- One Refus with which to Infernus Opulum

You don't have to listen to this next part, it is just an unnecessary translation.

Translated spell name: Assault of the Infinite Undying Gnomes

Translated Description- One gnome becomes many gnomes..... fast..... for up to one hour.....

Translated Warning-If you survive you'll probably wish you hadn't

Translated Requirements- One gnome to clone.....

After receiving the spell I took a moment to stare despondently out the window before preparing to go to school. (Sigh..... at least I have a gnome I suppose..... but will this really be ok?!?!)

Chapter 8

Chapter 7

I quickly made my way to school dreading seeing Cezanna again after making a fool of myself the day before. I slipped into our classroom and for the first time in my life was actually looking forward to seeing Charlie. I ran into him and jumped toward him, hugged him and said, "Charlie, stay as close as possible to me today."

"You're scaring me." Charlie answered suddenly getting nervous. I guess this is probably the only time I've ever approached Charlie of my own free will. This is an interesting reaction though!! Maybe if I run up to Ken and randomly hug him he'd be confused

enough to leave me alone for a few days. Well that's assuming I survive the whole running up to part.....

Suddenly a loud wailing noise assaulted our senses. We'd heard this a few times before after discovering our class buildings, but I never thought it was important. We just kind of come to the collective decision that it was the class bell. Yep the class bell..... don't think about it anymore..... Anyway, it was time for class to officially begin and as always first period was weapons class. But today, it was weapons class with a twist! 2v2 duels today..... Something about the teacher needing to cut class short to go to a petting zoo (No one dared ask why.....). As usual I walked up to Trey, hoping he'd have an idea on how to make this 2v2 matchup manageable.

"Don't think of running Oliver, there's no escape today!!!" Ken said as he walked toward Trey and I, "Trey, let me join you."

Trey sighed, then turned to face me before saying, "Sorry, Oliver."

"Just a minute, let me join in on the fun!!!" Cezanna said while skipping toward me, much to my mortification. I must admit though, seeing the look on Ken's face when Cezanna showed up was extremely satisfying, I guess he was worried he'd have another close encounter with the ceiling.

"Thanks, Cezanna, but I already promised to fight with Charlie today," I lied after stopping to think for a moment. Charlie just stared blankly at me. I imagine he had a few choice things to say, though much to his credit, he restrained himself for once. Honestly, I think he probably was too scared to resist at this point, he probably thought I'd really lost my mind. I turned toward him and whispered, "Trust me." I don't think it helped.

Ken started laughing so hard he was in tears. I think he was trying to speak, but just couldn't find the words. Cezanna seemed just as shocked, but shrugged and walked to the side. Trey gave me a questioning look. I walked towards him, patted his shoulder and said, "I'm sorry for what's about to happen Trey, but trust me when I say run. Run as fast

as you can and never look back." Trey gave me a confused look before gulping then nodding in agreement.

We took our places and waited for the teacher to tell us when to start. I took a moment to look at Cezanna. She looked back blankly. If I don't make it back, I want you to know I loved you!!!!! If I do make it back, I want you to forget everything that is about to happen!!!! I swallowed then turned back to face Trey and Ken.

The duel finally began. Trey just stood there slowly backing off as though he was ready to run at any moment. Ken tried to approach, but I threw my sword at him to slow him down for a second. Then I did the most natural thing possible. I walked towards Charlie and nodded, then I proceeded to pick him up and throw him at Ken much to everyone's amazement. Then I started to back off and yelled at the top of my lungs, "Igrit Infernus Opulum Refus!!!"

A voice suddenly sounded in my mind. I wasn't that surprised because I'd long since heard about things like this happening. The spell's consciousness spoke

to me and said "Due to special bloodline considerations additional effects have permanently been added to the spell Igrit Infernus Opulum Refus. First, whenever the user begins invoking the spell, his voice will be augmented to create an aura of absolute fear. Second, the users eyes will glow for more dramatic effect (really again with dramatic effect?!?!) !!!!! Finally, the spell has been given a special auditory effect!!!! Anyone near a Refus will hear Wagner's "Flight of the Valkyries" played in a never-ending loop until they manage to extricate themselves (Isn't that just more dramatic effect.....). Despite my misgivings, I finished casting the spell and I do have to say the bonus dramatic effect did make it that much more satisfying. When my eyes started to glow and my voice changed, everyone gasped and excitedly yelled, "He's using magic!!! He's actually using magic!!!". Of course, I didn't stick around long enough to find out what was happening. The second the spell ended I ran toward Cezanna grabbed her hand and kept running. To her credit, she followed without asking any questions. I ran. Ran as fast as I could. Ran

without daring to look back for even a moment. Ran even when the screams started. HAHA!!! MWHAHAHA!!! MWHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!!

Chapter 9

Chapter 8

As we were running I kind of realized I wasn't really sure of what to do next. I'd kinda grabbed Cezanna's hand in the heat of the moment, but now I was painfully aware of it (It was warm ^.^ tehe). We'd already gotten far enough away from the danger zone, so I stopped and let go, afraid that if we kept going I'd get distracted and run into something.

"Are you going to tell me why we were just running?" Cezanna asked confused.

"Terrifying magic beyond your wildest dreams. Let's just say it involves a Refus" I replied with a grin (If

the spell's consciousness could disillusion itself by using ridiculous languages to make things sound cooler than so could I!!!!!!!)

"What?" Cezanna asked, clearly more confused.

"Let's just call it Gnomeageddon....." I replied after a moment of thought.

"Should we go back?" Cezanna asked, clearly having given up trying to get anything out of me.

"I'm not sure there's anything to go back to." I answered mysteriously with a self-satisfied grin.

We soon went our separate ways, but I'd managed to convince Cezanna not to go back to school until the next day.

The next day, I made my way to school, unsure of what impact Gnomeaggedon may have on my future. The first thing, I noticed when I got there was that everyone was above ground and classes were being conducted the way they had been before we discovered the secret underground facilities. I joined

my class and to my surprise I couldn't find Charlie anywhere. Everyone else was there, but to my surprise almost everyone was acting as though I didn't exist, no one glanced in my direction. Even Ken left me alone. Everyone seemed whole, but given a full day, most non-fatal wounds would have long been healed with magic. I eventually found Trey who looked at me and nodded.

"Thanks for telling me to run. I escaped before things got too bad." Trey said calmly.

"What exactly happened?"

"Well.... The official story is that nothing happened..... We came to something of a group consensus to never speak about what happened again..... It's too much of a..... um..... trigger. Let's just say if anything really did happen it was enough to make sure we can't use the underground facilities for quite some time." Trey whispered. Cezanna saw us talking and decided to join us.

"What happened yesterday, no one is talking about it?!?!" Cezanna asked.

"What do you mean? Nothing happened. Did you see something happen Oliver?" Trey asked cooly.

"Nope, not a thing." Oliver answered.

"Didn't you say something about a Gnomeaggedon yesterday?" Cezanna asked. Suddenly it became so quiet that one could hear a pin drop and everyone turned to stare at Cezanna with a pale expression. Cezanna looked even more confused, but knew better than to keep asking.

I can't believe I'm saying this, but luckily (yes, luckily!!!) it was time for class and I could take a break from all the weirdness. The teacher soon called us over and weapons class officially began. Even he wouldn't look directly at me anymore..... I guess I was at least lucky he didn't try to punish me for making him miss out on the petting zoo. Anyway, I walked towards Trey, getting ready for my usual beating.

"Before we start with our usual class, I have a few announcements to make." The teacher said much to my surprise. "As you know the first weekly inter-school competition of the year is about to begin, first,

I will announce this year's inter-school tournament team." He continued. Oh... it's just this..... I don't know why they bother with this every year, it's always the same people.... "The team this time is comprised of Trey, Ken, Cezanna, Orion, and Oliver." He finished

What?!?!?!?! Me..... How is this possible!!!! I'm too young to die and things are going so well with Cezanna (Well.... Maybe that one's a bit of a stretch....)!!!! Why would they put me on the team?!?! Oh.... Wait..... Gnomeaggedon!!!! You've come back to haunt me after all. But come on, I can't even do a repeat performance if you don't put Charlie on the team!!!!!

"Also, Oliver is the team captain this year!" The teacher continued. Team captain..... You mean the team captain role that has a 90% fatality rate? That team captain? No matter how you look at it aren't you trying to kill me off?!?! Then what would become of this story? Do you think you have what it takes to be a main character? The story of the teacher from Hell that tragically never made it to the petting

zoo!!!! Wait a minute..... isn't that bizarrely captivating?!?! I really don't want to care, but there are just so many questions..... Of all the things to do in Hell, why a teacher?..... and why the petting zoo?....

"That brings me to my final piece of news," The teacher continued. What? There's more. Please stop, if you keep going I fear at this rate I'll be killed off before even making it to the competition. What's next are you going to have the tournament team train against live Wildebeests unarmed?

The teacher looked at me for a moment before continuing, "For reasons that need not be explained, there is a new school rule. Music composed by Wagner is no longer permitted anywhere near the school....."

Author's note- If you actually want me to write "The Teacher from Hell that Tragically Never Made it to the Petting Zoo." please comment below. -Author's note.

Chapter 10

Chapter 9

After taking a moment to calm down I realized I'd missed something an important detail. Who the Heaven was Orion!!!!!!!! More importantly is it possible..... could he maybe just maybe..... be a gnome!!! It was a pipe dream, but hey you can't blame me can you?

"Who is Orion?" I asked Trey curiously.

"No idea." He responded clearly as surprised by the announcements as I had been. For some reason..... I had a very bad feeling about all this.

"I'm Orion!" A voice suddenly called out. I looked for it, but couldn't find anyone. For some reason this felt uncomfortably familiar.....

"Did you hear that?" I turned to ask Trey.

"Hear what?" He answered confused.

"He can't hear or see me." Orion said.

"I can't see you either....." I responded annoyed.

"Sure you can. I'm -,"

"Don't you dare say it!" I interrupted suddenly far too aware of what was happening.

"That's right!!!!!!!!!! Your second head!!" Orion continued clearly pleased with himself, "Miss me?"

"I can't say I have..... It's only been like two days. Don't you know distance makes the heart grow fonder?!?! If adoration is what you're after try staying away for a few hundred thousand years. Besides aren't you tired of this whole second head thing?"

"Kind of, but thinking of a more dramatic entrance is a bit of a pain." Orion said with a yawn.

"What are you doing here anyway?" I asked. Suddenly there was a weird sensation coming from my neck and it felt like there was something sitting on my shoulder. There was a blur at the edge of my vision and suddenly there was a rabbit standing in front of me.

"I was bored." The rabbit answered as though it were the most obvious thing in the world.

"Don't you have any friends you can bother or something?"

"If I had friends do you think I'd be playing around with skeletons." He responded annoyed.

Oliver sighed, "Well why you're hear would you mind answering some questions. What did you mean when you said my powers were sealed? Also..... I probably shouldn't ask but why are you a rabbit and how did you get into this school? Finally, is there more magic you can give me"

"Did I say something like that? I can't remember. Getting into this school is a piece of cake for someone like me. Why wouldn't I be a rabbit? Doesn't it make

everything that much more exciting!!! Just think about what it would look like if a rabbit took over the world. If you want magic you came to the right place, I have the perfect spell for you!"

A voice suddenly rang in my head. "Feeble creature!!!!! Do you dare learn one of the most powerful magic arts of all time?!?!" Yes!!!!!!! Just you wait world..... I'll show you that I can make it!!! Even without gnomes. The spell's basic information appeared in my mind:

Transcendent Magic - Destruction

Description- Well..... it destroys things..... basically anything you want it to

Requirements- The user must feed dragon blood to a rabbit.

I stared at Orion for a second. Really? Does he just want to eat dragons blood?!?! But..... dragons are extinct.....

Chapter 11

Chapter 10

I stared deeply into the rabbit's beady little eyes for a moment before sighing and turning back towards Trey to start our normal bout.

"Aren't you going to say something?" The rabbit asked excitedly. People had started starting at the rabbit in confusion; apparently, they could see him now.

"Nope," I returned, refusing to let him get a rise out of me. That was when I had a devious thought.

"Hey teach, can the tournament team skip class and have a private practice?" I asked innocently.

"Uh, sure I guess." He responded after a moment of thought.

"Can I decide what we do since I'm captain?" I continued.

"I suppose..." He said, clearly beginning to grow suspicious.

"You heard him guys!" I said as I grabbed the bunny and started walking off to the side before the teacher changed his mind. The others followed curious of what I had planned. I put on an extremely serious face and looked at each of them for a moment in complete silence to build the mood (hopefully the rabbit in my arms didn't lower the tension too much....). I sat down put the rabbit on my lap and much to its annoyance started petting it, in much the same way that a clichéd evil villain would pet a cat in movies.

"As you know, the inter-school competitions are no joke." I began seriously. "We'll be at a huge disadvantage against many of the other schools. Some teams are even made up entirely of humanoids or apocalyptic demons. You just have to take a look at

our team to know we'll have a tough time. I mean we have this rabbit, and a half-shark thing." Ken glared at me, I ignored him and continued, "So, to make up for our weakness we'll have to accelerate our practice, starting with our weakest members. Let's do some hardcore training! 1v4 matches starting with our weakest member! You're up Ken."

"Hey!" Ken yelled, clearly upset I insinuated that he was the weakest. He seemed as though he was about to challenge me, but soon changed his mind after remembering what happened yesterday. He looked at me again and was about to give up when he saw the rabbit and grinned.

"Do you really think I'm weaker than that rabbit!" he continued. This is exactly what I had been waiting for..... I mean did he really think I wanted to be stuck fighting a 1v4 fight?

"Oh, do you want to challenge him?" I responded nonchalantly.

"Challenge? It won't be a challenge." Ken responded smugly.

"Ok, I guess there's no helping it. We'll give up on the 1v4 fights and you can challenge Orion. You seem pretty confident though, want to make a bet?"

"Sure"

"Ok, if you lose you have to walk on your hands for the rest of the weak," I said, determined to add insult to injury.

"Fine, but if I win, you have to give up on Cezanna." Ken whispered as he walked passed me.

Ken took his position. The rabbit stared at me for a second, but eventually he started making his way toward Ken. The second I told them to start, Ken rushed toward the rabbit, clearly intent on making short work of him. Unfortunately, this particular rabbit was the angel of death..... Ken kept running, but no matter how much he ran, it seemed like he never covered any distance.

"Oh, Kenny Boy, the pipes the pipes are calling." I began to sing mockingly. Unfortunately, Kenny Boy seemed a bit busy. Suddenly, Kenny Boy froze as though he had been turned to stone. Much to

everyone's surprise the rabbit began to float and its beady eyes turned red and began to glow. Clouds appeared out of nowhere and a lightning storm began. The other students had been doing their own thing, but everyone stopped, clearly mystified. Having the ability to make it rain in Hell was exceedingly difficult. While everyone was trying to figure out what was happening, eerie laughter started coming from the rabbit and everyone turned toward him. The next moment, skeleton hands began to pop out of the ground and grabbed Ken, fully intent on dragging him into the ground. Everyone stared at the rabbit in abject horror, but he didn't seem to mind all that much.

"Ken, you should probably give up before you die?" I said with a yawn.

"I..... I..... give up." Ken answered, nearly in tears. I walked toward the field and grabbed the rabbit before he could cause any more trouble.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk, weaker than a rabbit. There's really no hope for this group." I said in mock disappointment

as I walked away. "Oh Kenny Boy, don't forget to walk on your hands."

About the Author

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